

Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society
OF RHODE ISLAND.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES:
Fourth Series, No. 15.

WITH THE
NINTH ARMY CORPS
IN EAST TENNESSEE.

BY W. A. NASON,

[Late Adjutant Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers.]

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ON the 6th of August, 1863, after participating in the campaign which culminated in the surrender of Vicksburg, and the capture of the city of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, the regiment which I had the honor of serving with, the Eleventh New Hampshire,—Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps,—was finally furnished with transportation from the malarial swamps adjacent to the Yazoo River, northerly to our old place in the Department of the Ohio. Proceeding slowly on account of low water, we finally arrived at Cincinnati on the 14th, our numbers sadly depleted from the effects of our exposure, and trying duties attending that campaign.

We remained at Covington, Ky., until the latter part of August, and went thence by rail to Nicholasville, marching out from there to "Camp Park," a few miles away.

On the 9th of September we were on the road again, and, after a few easy marches, reached Loudon, Tenn., on the 16th of September, under orders to await the making up of a train of wagons containing quartermaster's supplies and escort it to Knoxville via Cumberland Gap. The balance of our army corps had already preceded us, and gone to East Tennessee, crossing the mountains through gaps further south.

Our duties at Loudon were not arduous, consisting simply of light details for guard and picket duty. Army rations for the first time in months were very good and quite abundant, and the farmers near us ready and willing to sell any of their products at a fair price. Game of some kinds was quite plenty, especially gray squirrels, which the boys brought in in large numbers.

Besides, there was frequently some new incident transpiring to relieve the monotony of camp life,

and keep the boys in good spirits, for all had improved much in health and began to appear like themselves again, though some still suffered from the effects of our Vicksburg campaign.

Most noteworthy of all was the pleasure we had of meeting two of the staunch Unionists of East Tennessee, the Hon. Horace Maynard, I think, and William G. Brownlow, better known as "Parson Brownlow," editor of the *Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator*. These men had suffered every indignity which the rebels could shower upon them, and probably would have forfeited their lives had not the Union armies taken possession of and held that part of the State. The name of "Parson Brownlow's" paper was no misnomer, but thoroughly indicative of its character. In looking over an old copy printed during the fall of this year ('63), I find he closes one of his editorials as follows: "They have delighted in expressions of contempt for the Great Ruler of the Universe, from the opening of this struggle. But their blasphemy has been in keeping with their treason and perjury in starting the ball!"

These lines are appropriate in the rebel parts, and in their Sabbath and family worship :

Show pity, Lord ! O Lord forgive,
Let the repenting rebels live;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the rebels trust in thee ?
Should sudden vengeance seize our breath,
We must pronounce thee just in death;
And if our souls were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

These two men passed the night at a small hotel near our camp, and in the morning as they were about starting on their journey towards the Ohio, some of us called around to see them off.

As they took their departure the Parson advised us not to go far from camp unless in bodies of at least three or four, saying that rebel bushwhackers were quite plenty, and would not hesitate to waylay any of us if opportunity presented ; and should we by any chance come in contact with, and secure one of these miscreants, that we had better not attempt to take him into camp, but dispose of him on the way and save all further trouble.

This incident is also related: During our stay here some of our men discovered a small distillery located on a branch or creek among the hills, where they could get all the whiskey they desired. The proprietor told some of the men that he wanted to obtain another horse, and if they could help him to one he would remunerate them in whiskey. Some of our men would not stop to inquire about the ownership of a chicken or anything of that kind, but we had no first class horse thieves among our number. However, they were ready to put up a little job on the moonshiner, and teach him a lesson. They at first hesitated on account of the dangers attending, and the punishment sure to follow if detected, but finally seemed to agree to the proposition, and at once made plans to carry it into execution. A few of them called upon him and found where his own horse was stabled, but also found that he kept a vicious looking dog about the place. They told him that to prevent any noise, if they succeeded in securing a horse from the corral, which would get all into trouble if discovered, the dog must be removed until the affair was over. To this he assented, and

he was soon after waited upon and notified that the new horse would be delivered on that night. Early in the evening a little detachment visited his house and kept him busy, while two or three men made their way to the shed where his own horse was kept. Leading it out into the woods a short distance they gave his mane and tail a regular army cut, and also clipped the hair on his left fore shoulder, making quite a respectable looking "U. S.," and covering the old nag with an old army blanket they led it up to the house very quietly, and delivered it according to agreement. After a slight examination in the dark it was taken away to be secreted, and the whiskey given in payment in canteens and camp pails, the boys at once returning to their quarters. No more visits were made by these men to the distillery, but in a day or two the distiller came around looking not for his own horse, but for pay for the whiskey he had given in payment therefor. This was not forthcoming, but no complaint was made concerning the trade, as he was afraid of trouble on his own part.

The train was ready to start on the 16th of Octo-

ber, and our little regiment, now recruited by the return of convalescents to about three hundred men, was ordered forward under command of Capt. L. W. Cogswell. We were ready at the hour designated, and started on a long and tiresome march in the midst of a heavy rain.

The country through which we passed was much broken and very thinly settled. Spurs of high hills or mountains seemed always in our front, while the very rough and narrow roads made our progress exceeding slow. On the 18th we passed through the little town of Barboursville, and on the 19th hurried forward towards Cumberland Ford. Just before our arrival at the ford an alarm was given by a messenger who had overtaken us, stating that a body of rebels had appeared on our left flank and was about to attack the train. The left wing of the regiment was ordered back to repel any attack that might be made, but after a march to the rear of a few miles we were happy to learn that the alarm was false. We continued on our way unmolested, and crossing the river went into camp to await the arrival of the train. While resting here a citizen who

visited us, pointed out a spot where were buried seven Union men who had been captured by some gang, probably of Kirby Smith's command, that had been raiding in Kentucky the year before. While the rebel troops were resting on nearly the same ground we occupied, a drum-head court-martial was held, and they were tried as spies and hung for their loyalty. They were hastily buried, for their bleaching bones could be seen protruding through the scant covering of earth.

We broke camp early on the morning of the 21st, and made an attempt to reach Cumberland Gap, but a furious mountain storm having set in, the road was worse than ever and nearly impassable, so we were obliged to halt four or five miles from our objective point. The road up the mountain side had been blockaded by immense boulders and logs, apparently to obstruct the passage of any troops from Kentucky. These had been only partially removed, thus making it nearly impossible for the animals of the train to pull their wagons through. It was accomplished only by doubling teams and by the troops lifting the wagons in some places.

On the 22d we reached the Gap and reported to the commandant at that post. This place was naturally one of the strongest positions the rebels ever held, was well fortified and well armed, and garrisoned by 2,000 Georgia troops. But as soon as Burnside got into Knoxville he sent out a force that covered their only means of escape, so the commander very prudently surrendered. We made but a short stop there, for orders were received to leave the train, which was now safe, and march for Knoxville as fast as possible. On the 25th we were at Clinch River and ferried ourselves without accident across the stream (now very high from recent rains) in a leaky old flat-boat.

On the 28th we arrived at Knoxville, having been on the march about twelve days, more than half of the time being stormy, and the roads therefore almost impassable. We had very little transportation of our own, had lived on short rations, had performed regular guard and picket duty, had assisted the train through the gap, and had left only two or three men out of the regiment behind us. We were at once ordered into camp a little out of the

city at North Knoxville, and told to fix up our quarters and make them as comfortable as possible. We did so, and in a few days had everything well arranged considering our limited means.

The principal part of our corps was at or near Loudon, about thirty miles below on the Holston River watching Longstreet ; and Burnside, with less than one-half the available force of the rebel leader, had also a very long and rough line of communications to keep open. Our camp at North Knoxville was less than a mile from the city, and the little settlement was composed principally of northern mechanics who had been called there to work in the railroad shops, and in an iron foundry or furnace built and owned by northern men who had invested money there, and were doing much towards developing the mines in the immediate vicinity. We remained in this camp until the morning of the 16th of November, when, before daylight, the long roll called us out, and we were ordered to pack up and march at once. We promptly formed line and a few minutes later were on the road to the north of our old camp, where line of battle was formed to hold

that approach to the city, against the advance of any body of the enemy. With a strong skirmish line in front we remained at this point until late in the afternoon, when we moved forward to a gap which we took possession of as more defensible in case of an attack than the former position. All day brisk firing had been heard, and reports of Longstreet's attack on our forces in the vicinity of Lenoir's were brought us by a messenger from the city.

We remained in this position during the night and the day following, when we could hear the cannonading going on more distinctly. We judged from the heavy firing that a brisk engagement was in progress and extending nearer to us. Early in the day we were told the corps trains began to arrive in Knoxville, followed in the afternoon by the troops, with Longstreet not far in the rear. We were called in from our position on the night of the 17th, and returning to the city resumed our place in our brigade. The trains were packed, camps for the troops designated, lines of defence established in all directions, our communications with the outer world cut off, and preparations for a siege began.

The lines were quite irregular but well chosen. The first division of our corps held that part beginning on the Holston River to the southwest of the city, and extended around on the northerly side a short distance east of Fort Sanders; the Second Division reached thence to the east of Gay Street and beyond the railroad buildings, while the remainder of the line returning to the river again was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Our position as a regiment was on the left of the Second Brigade on an eminence which overlooked North Knoxville and the railroad buildings, also our lines on the left; the regimental right rested near Fort Comstock. The location was well adapted for defence, and was the property of a Mr. Richardson, a native of a town that many of my company enlisted from, and among them were a number of his old schoolmates. The beautiful yard in front of his house was totally ruined to give place to Fort Comstock, and the noble shade trees that stood on the slope running down to the creek were slashed, the trimmed tops forming an abattis for our protection

that would be nearly impassable to any body of troops.

The abutments of the little bridges that spanned the creek at the foot of the slope, also served as abutments for some very respectable dams which we built, thus holding back the water, and flooding quite a large territory which the enemy would be obliged to cross if they should make an attack on our front. From fort to fort, or battery to battery, we had also thrown up excellent lines of rifle-pits for the infantry. It was surprising to see how soon they were completed, for although half of the men were constantly on the picket line, and the men who came off duty at night were supposed to get some rest, yet there were constant details from those just relieved, and I have known all, except a thin line in the trenches, to be obliged to get their night's rest while using spade or pick in strengthening some line of works. Crossing the street a short distance to the right of Fort Comstock was Battery Wiltsee, occupied, I think, by the Fifteenth Indiana battery of rifled guns. The ground for some distance to the rear of this work and to the creek below was less

obstructed by trees than at Fort Comstock, and nearly all the work of its construction was performed after dark, as the sharpshooters could reach a working party, and did so frequently, occasionally taking off a man. We used plenty of sand bags in the construction of this battery, especially about the embrasures, and these, covered with the green hides taken from our beef creatures, gave it an appearance of greater solidity and stability than an ordinary earthwork.

The rebels, as soon as they had corralled us in the city, were as busy as ourselves in erecting forts and batteries, and day and night while on picket we could hear their axemen in the woods that covered the hills to the northwest of us cutting trees to give their guns a chance when the proper time came.

We had taken possession of the flour mill and railroad buildings, and prepared them for defence by barricading the windows and opening loop-holes through the walls. The locomotives were in the round house partially disconnected, and some of the important parts concealed, rendering them useless if captured, and the few cars remaining were drawn as

close together as possible and prepared with light fuel ready to be fired should the enemy succeed in taking the place.

The long and weary days and nights were passing with no change in our duties to relieve the dull monotony, save the occasional skirmish or sharp picket-firing, or an attempt on the part of one side or the other to change its lines, until the night of the 20th, when the little hamlet of North Knoxville, between our picket lines and fortifications, was burned to the ground. These dwellings had been taken possession of by a detail from the Eleventh Michigan, with orders to destroy them in case of an advance on our lines, to prevent their being occupied by the enemy's forces. The walls in each house had been opened and the spaces filled with the most combustible material obtainable. On that night as the enemy threatened an advance, and even succeeded in forcing back a portion of our pickets, the whole settlement was started in a blaze at once, and in less than an hour not a timber was left standing. The large railroad repair shop that had been occupied by the rebels as an armory, and in which

was stored a quantity of small arms and ammunition of various kinds, was, through mistake, also destroyed, and when the fire at last had made its way to the boxes of ammunition, there was a grand fusilade by the bursting of shells, etc., which much resembled an engagement near at hand.

On the night of the 23d another advance on our division picket line was made, and after a sharp skirmish two regiments were compelled to return for a short distance, whereby the left of our regimental line was turned, but we held our position until morning when an order to advance was given, and soon our lines were established on the same ground we had previously held. The pickets directly opposed to us were said to have been very tricky and treacherous, frequently using cow-bells at night in their movements to avert suspicion.

The first man we had killed outright during the siege was a vidette who was clubbed to death near his post by the rebels who were using such means in order to avoid detection. I think that it was on the 24th, near noon, that a detachment from my regiment was ordered to the right to support the Fif-

teenth Indiana Light Artillery located in battery Wiltsee. We were not aware that anything unusual was transpiring when we left our breastworks, but soon learned that there was a little commotion on the other side very near the site of our regimental headquarters when encamped a few days before at North Knoxville. While waiting for matters to mature our company had a reinforcement of one recruit who was not a regularly enlisted man, but a resident of Knoxville.

He came of his own accord to the right of the company near the centre of the battery, and gave a partial story of his life, and told of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the rebels, and how they had cruelly taken the life of his brother. After hearing all, we concluded they were a hard lot any way and needed correction.

But he had come prepared, if occasion offered, to terribly avenge that brother's death, and assist us in repelling any attack that might be made on our lines ; for he had brought with him a little arsenal, consisting of a long range rifle, a double-barrelled shotgun, and a navy revolver, all loaded and ready for

immediate use, and talked as though he was good for eight or nine rebels sure.

This had been one of the finest days since the siege began, and we had not waited long before we learned why we had been ordered into the battery, for soon the enemy unmasked a gun which they had placed in a redoubt near our old camp ground. They seemed to want to get the range on Battery Wiltsee or find out what there was there, for a puff of smoke was followed by a screaming shell which passed in nearly a direct line over our heads to the rear, and apparently fell near General Burnside's headquarters. In a very short time the general appeared alone, without a coat, and with field-glass in hand. He jumped into one of the embrasures and looked for a moment, when another shot followed nearly as high as the first. The general said a few words to the lieutenant in command, and that officer soon gave an order to return the fire. This was at once done, a couple of splendid shots being sent in, which silenced the enemy's single gun, and thus ended the duel. But where was our recruit at this time, our hero who was so sure of eight or nine

rebels on his own account? At the front ready to assist us in repelling an attack? Oh, no! but on looking out up the street that led to the centre of the town, we saw the last of him with his little armory in his hands making for a place of safety as fast as his long thin legs would carry him.

I have already spoken of the rebel pickets using foxy methods of getting in their work, and later we learned more concerning their ways. It was while on duty at the flour mill, a two or three story brick building with flat roof, with walls exterding above. The windows were barricaded in the lower story, and loop-holes were opened through the walls for obser-
vation or defence. Their videttes, or sharpshooters, were well advanced in small rifle-pits, con-
structed usually with accommodations for two men. On top of the earth thrown up, a head-log was placed with loop-holes beneath, through which they con-
stantly watched, ready at any time to give us a shot as opportunity presented. These little pits were changed frequently at night, and though we could see them sending in a shot occasionally to pick off any of our men who chanced to be exposed, we were

not allowed to do anything by way of retaliation. We were simply to watch and wait, and defend and hold our position if possible in case of an attack.

November 26th was Thanksgiving day at home, and while on picket duty, with Captain Woodward in command of our part of the line, some of our reserve had the good fortune to capture a fat pig that had been left by its owner at North Knoxville. We had a very good dinner from the same, though not much of a variety of relishes or other food with it. Our orders were nearly the same each day, and Captain Cogswell, who was still in command of the regiment, and also every fourth day in command of the second division picket line, was constantly urging us to be always ready, for an attack was now expected at any time. But this extra duty and continued exposure to the changeable weather, and the scant rations of very poor quality, told on the men very perceptibly. The 27th and 28th were both cold and disagreeable days, and especially the latter, as the clouds had an unusual dark and heavy appearance, and lights were required at an earlier hour than usual. Less rest was obtainable on picket

or in the trenches that night on account of the spiteful firing which was indulged in at times, occasionally forcing back a portion of our brigade pickets.

On the morning of the 29th the enemy made a furious assault on Fort Sanders, located to our left, and, though the morning was quite dark, we could see something, and hear much of what was going on there. Fort Sanders was armed with ten guns, consisting of a part of three batteries, and was well fitted for defence. In its front where the trees had been cut down, telegraph wires were stretched from stump to stump. Small pits or holes had also been dug, the earth from them being left in little mounds in their front, and everything possible done to obstruct the passage of troops. Having driven in our pickets their assaulting column appeared, but the little garrison in the fort was ready to receive it. The brave defenders consisted of a portion of two regiments of infantry, and the men of the batteries. The Confederates charged bravely in column by division, filling the ditch, and a few succeeded in mounting the parapet, but only to meet a sudden death, and already many of their number had been

killed or wounded on the way. With undaunted courage the survivors pushed steadily on, never stopping for the murderous fire of artillery and infantry, every step in advance being marked by death until the assaulting column was well nigh annihilated.

The battle once opened there were no intervals of quiet, but furious volleys rapidly followed one another, and each shot from the artillery went through their lines with awful effect. Large gaps were made which were soon closed, and the brave men still pressed on, eager to reach the steep, sloping glacis, intent on destroying the equally determined and disciplined garrison. The obstructions proved to be of great service, but the enemy seemed insensible to fear, or, infuriated by the resistance they were meeting, for soon another column like the first came up and the attack was again renewed more desperately than at first, if such a thing were possible. Again they fill the ditch, again a few mount the parapet, only to surrender or be shot.

The second assault terminated as quickly and in like manner as the first, but greater courage and

valor have never been shown than was displayed that morning in front of that little fort. It is impossible for men to endure such an avalanche of lead and iron as was hurled upon them. Entirely and hopelessly broken up, the survivors retired in confusion leaving about two hundred of their number in and near the ditch, who were obliged to surrender.

The Confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was nearly one thousand, though they do not admit so large a number. On that ground which permitted them to outnumber our forces more than five to one they had made a good fight, but had dearly paid for the assault on Fort Sanders. Our own officers were always on the alert, and their daring and almost reckless bravery was shown by their gallant and successful defence against these most stubborn attacks ; and their good judgment and skill was shown by the perfect order and systematic disposition of their brave men, which insured a final victory with a loss of not more than thirty men, including some of the pickets captured.

A little later in the morning I visited the field, and

the broken muskets, torn equipments, parts of garments bathed in blood as well as the terrible mortality, bore witness to the fearful nature of the assault, and, as might be expected from the nature of such a conflict, a large portion of our adversaries were killed or severely wounded.

Our first duty after the repulse was to re-establish our lines, and soon after a flag of truce was sent to the enemy giving them an opportunity to remove their dead and wounded, which was accepted. A few prisoners were exchanged, the wounded removed, and the dead buried. At night when this had been accomplished and the signal gun fired announcing the truce was over, both armies were in position for another trial. The prisoners captured are said to have represented ten or eleven different regiments, from Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Some of them we had faced at the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg one year before, when we were the assaulting column. Notwithstanding this repulse we expected that Longstreet would soon make another attack on some other position, and, as they had tried their artillery once on the batteries near

us, we rather concluded that it would be at some point near by. Our success had given us courage, and we felt able to repulse any assault he might make, and watched with greater vigilance than before.

From November 30th to December 3d there was more quiet on the picket lines than usual, which caused the rumor of an immediate attack; and, on the 4th, we could see the enemy in our front marching across the Clinton road up the valley, as though they were preparing for an attack on our extreme right, which was held by the Twenty-third Army Corps. Had they done this their reception would have been a cordial one, for the position, naturally strong, was well fortified, and the loyal men from Kentucky and East Tennessee, who constituted a large portion of that command, were able and ready to defend themselves.

December 5th was cloudy and cold, but at an early hour we discovered that the rebel pickets had all gone, and their lines were deserted; more than this, we had the welcome news of the arrival near by of General Sherman with a portion of two army corps of veter-

rans for our relief. The siege was now raised, we were well reinforced, and there was no longer any fear for the safety of the Department of the Ohio.

At eight o'clock we were ordered out to make a reconnoissance. Following the retreating column a few miles we picked up a few prisoners, but did not find the enemy in any force. Returning to Knoxville, pickets were posted, but all interior guards were relieved, and we had our first night of quiet rest in three weeks. We remained in our old quarters the next day and night, and, on the morning of the 7th, the corps was ordered forward taking the road toward Tazewell, which was the one taken by Longstreet and his army. After a march of thirteen miles we halted for the night, the weather being freezing cold. The morning of the 8th opened cloudy, but the temperature began to moderate and we were on the road again, but before night as there were indications of a storm we halted early, our regiment taking possession of a heavily wooded ridge on the left of the road, one-half of the regiment being posted for picket duty until midnight, when we were to be relieved by the other half who had

established a resting-place in a valley a little to the rear. We had only started some little fires near each picket post, when a storm of rain broke upon us. It not only rained but at times poured, and, after a lull in the storm, snow and sleet began to fall, and so severe was the downfall that our little fires in many cases were completely extinguished, making this one of the worst nights for outpost duty I had ever seen. But midnight came at last, and we were relieved and retired to the bivouac of the regiment, where we found the few officers that constituted the field and staff in but little better condition than our own had been. After a good warming by the huge fire that had been kept burning, we began to look for a place to get a little rest and sleep if possible. I met with a real accident here, or at least with quite a loss. I had chosen what seemed to be a good location where I should be partially sheltered from wind and storm, and, pulling my coat cape over my head, lay down under my rude cover and finally went to sleep. I was soon disturbed, however, by feeling as though I was too near the fire, and I discovered that a falling cinder had lighted on the back

of my overcoat, burning it out entirely, and also dis-coloring my blouse. This to me was the worst thing that had happened during the campaign, for there was no chance to draw another coat, and patches of the requisite size were not obtainable. I was therefore obliged to wear it as it was for a short time, until when in camp a few days later near the house of a loyal family the ladies transformed the cape into a new back, and once more I had a respectable garment.

The next morning we were on the road again in good season, but did not make much headway. We halted for dinner at two P. M., but many of us found our haversacks entirely empty, the small supply of rations we had when we left Knoxville having been consumed.

Later in the day I was fortunate in securing two ears of corn which I shelled, and, after grinding the kernels in our coffee mill, boiled the meal for supper. We were now near Rutledge and remained in this vicinity for a few days, and, on the 11th, a ration of beef was ordered. The poor animals were slaughtered for that purpose, and two of them desig-

nated for our regiment. Our quartermaster had received it and it was laid out on some rails to be cut up and issued, when, as the work was going on, and the butchers were cutting one of the loins from the round, he struck an immense abscess on the hip, nearly ready to open of its own accord. They concluded not to issue any of this kind of meat, but had it condemned and ordered it buried, which was done without military honors. A tablet, however, was erected with the following epitaph:

"Hic jacet duo boves. Damnati ad tumulum, per Captain Allebaugh, Generalissimum inspectorum. Requiescat in pace."

The old letter from which this is copied was written to my friends at home, and dated at Rutledge, December 11th, in which I had mentioned the matter of short and poor rations, and which I may refer to again. Our beef and pork was all driven from Kentucky over the mountains, and that now issued had been with us since our first arrival or early in November. No forage had been provided except what the beeves could gather in the frost-bitten fields, and in many cases these were cut up by the

passage of the two armies, hence generally the animals had about as much fat on their ribs as on their horns, and but little more. The pork was but little better in quality (being of the "razor-back" kind when it arrived), was driven direct to Knoxville and slaughtered. After a small amount had been issued fresh to the troops, the balance was salted and allowed to accumulate in readiness for an emergency. We remained at Rutledge until the 15th, when an alarm was sounded. We hastily struck tents and formed in line of battle, as Longstreet was reported to have been reinforced, and to be advancing on us again. Quite a force of our cavalry, however, met them and made a good fight, holding them in check until eight P. M., when we began to retire toward Knoxville. The mud was so deep that we had made only six miles at midnight, so we bivouacked by the roadside and waited for daylight, when we were happy to learn that the enemy had also retired and was marching east. We were ordered to advance again, and bearing to the left halted and went into camp at Lee's Springs, near Blaine's Cross-roads, where we remained three or four weeks

suffering much from extreme cold, ice forming at times two or three inches in thickness. Snow storms also were of occasional occurrence.

On the 15th, when we expected to be obliged to fight before we could reach Knoxville, some of us placed our extra blankets, etc., on the wagons, and as they did not rejoin us for several days, the want of these added to our discomfort. On the 23d, our last ration, excepting our meat, was issued for the year 1863. It consisted of eight hard tack and one spoonful each of sugar and coffee, with a small piece of tobacco, rather a short allowance for men who were expected to do duty when at times the thermometer, had there been one in camp, would have registered the zero point. At no time during the campaign or during our stay in East Tennessee did we draw the usual *small* rations of rice, beans, etc., but in place of them once in five days a small piece of tobacco, some of which had been captured by Burnside on his first arrival at Knoxville. Neither was there any clothing or boots or shoes obtainable to replace our worn out articles.

Our details for picket were large, and we fre-

quently were away from our regiment three days or more at a time. When on these details we could occasionally get a little meal, coon or bacon, but the residents were generally as poorly off as ourselves. For this reason the small foraging parties that were permitted were profitless expeditions. On the 2d day of January I was one of a detail composed of nearly all the men fit for duty from Companies F, H and K. Lieutenant Dimick was in command of the detail, and, on our arrival at the place designated, pickets were at once posted and videttes thrown out. I remained with the lieutenant who chose for his headquarters what had evidently been a cavalry outpost in a fence corner with a few extra rails and some brush for protection from wind or storm. We started a fire and made our rude camp as comfortable as possible, and considered that we were fixed for a three days' tour unless sooner driven in or relieved. The night was cold and windy, and we found it almost impossible to keep comfortable, but put in the time taking turns in keeping our fire, visiting pickets and getting an occasional short nap. Near us was a log or timber house of the regular

style in this section, and before daylight we had resolved to visit the family and try to obtain something for breakfast, for as usual our haversacks were nearly bare of rations of any kind, except the very poor meat that was issued the day before we started. Day came at last, but the sky was overcast with cold grey clouds and the air was keen and frosty. As soon as we saw the small blue smoke curling up from that chimney we made preparations to give the people an early call, though the prospect was not encouraging from any outward signs. There were no stacks of hay or grain visible, and no appearance of any live stock of any kind except a poor little black and white calf six or eight months old, which an old gentleman led out and tied in the field near the house, leaving the poor animal to fill its frame with frozen rowen or starve. We proceeded to the house, and in the yard met the owner and his wife, to whom we made known our errand. They listened to our story, but we received the usual answer, that their smoke-house was empty and that there was not a measure of meal in the house. Again we appealed to them offering to pay well for anything they could

furnish us that would appease our hunger. Soon a young lady appeared, and, having heard a part of the conversation, seemed more kindly disposed and ready to accede to our wishes. After a short consultation with the mother they decided to do the best they could for us.

We were invited to enter the house, which we did, and took seats near the briskly blazing fire, the warmth of which seemed to add new vigor to our shivering bodies. Soon the balance of the family, all dressed in colorless homespun, and consisting of three more light-haired girls, made their appearance by coming down a ladder from the loft above us and immediately retired to the wash-bench outside to complete their toilets. In the meantime the lady and the oldest daughter were engaged in preparing the breakfast; they had drawn forth from some unknown recess a fine piece of bacon and a bag of meal, and in a short time generous slices of bacon, and a large "dutch oven" of pones were cooking. While this was going on we entered into conversation with our host, and among other matters asked concerning school privileges, etc. (and by the way

I may say that church and school edifices were seldom seen). We were informed that only a few years since they had very good schools and plenty of scholars, but some contagious disease had made its appearance, and the "young uns had most all on 'em died up in that part of the kentry."

Our breakfast was at last placed upon the table, a huge frying pan containing the bacon occupying the centre, which was flanked by a large wooden tray of johnny-cakes, or pones, which, with coffee made from parched wheat, constituted the bill of fare. We took seats assigned us and were soon enjoying the edibles which had been prepared. Apologies were offered for the quality and lack of variety, and the proprietor said that the "durned rebs had tuck every thing they had that they could find, had rode off every *hoss* critter and *druv* off every cow critter there was on the place, except the poor little calf tied in the meadow." "The loss of the cows had cut off the supply of butter, and as for molasses they did not make but few (which was now all gone), as they didn't raise a full *crap* of sorghum anyhow, but in

place of these we could, if we wished, dip our pones in the bacon fat."

Our breakfast being over the lieutenant paid the bills, and, bidding the family, who had so kindly entertained us with the best they had, good morning, we made our way to our post much pleased with our reception and what we had observed while we were the guests of this poor but loyal family. So much amused was the lieutenant that soon after our arrival he sung his favorite song, the first verse of which was about as follows :

"Away up there in Lower Canady,
Won't they laugh when they see old Shady?
For I've got a wife and I've got a baby,
Coming, coming, hail happy day."

We did not visit this family again, for some of the men had done a little foraging, and we were thus fairly provisioned for a short time. We were relieved on the night of the 4th by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and returned to our camp at Lee's Springs where we remained until the 16th, answering the usual details, having meantime another good snow storm which occurred on January 8th.

My finances at this time must have been in a very shaky condition, or else there were no postage stamps to be obtained in camp, for the envelope of a letter from which I am about to copy, written home on the 14th of January, 1864, bears the following endorsement: "Soldier's Letter. E. T. Lyford, Chaplain 11th N. H. Vols." From this letter I learn that another one of our company had died at Knoxville the day before ; that we were drawing half rations of meal or flour and fresh beef, and that the latter was growing poorer in quality every day for want of forage ; that when we could not get the meal or flour, two ears of corn per man were issued instead, that the smaller rations of coffee and sugar were to us luxuries that we could not always indulge in, and that beans and rice were known only by name ; that our men during this time were in very poor quarters, and the clothing they had drawn while in Kentucky was much the worse for wear and afforded little protection ; that their shoes were in many cases completely worn out and they were making moccasins of rawhide to keep their feet from frost and snow ; and further on, that as destitute as

the soldiers of the old Ninth Corps are, yet many of Longstreet's men are in a worse condition, if such a thing is possible, and we are led to think so from the wretched condition some of their deserters are in, for they give themselves up occasionally, coming in with feet or hands badly frost bitten. The letter closes by repeating the camp rumor that we are to go to Strawberry Plains in a day or two.

On the 16th we did leave Lee's Springs and march to Strawberry Plains, about twelve miles distant, arriving there early in the afternoon. The march was very tiresome on account of the deep mud caused by a sudden thaw which had melted the snow and top of the ground, rendering our progress exceeding slow.

On the 18th, Company "F" was detailed for guard and picket duty at McMillan's Ford, about two or three miles below the Plains, and on the west side of the Holston River. This ford takes its name from the owner of the property that we were to hold and occupy. He was an old resident and a loyal man, the family at this time consisting of himself and wife, one son, who was a refugee in the moun-

tains or in the Union army, his son's wife and an infant child. He had a very good set of farm buildings, but like the rest of the loyal men in Knox County, he had been entirely cleaned out of all kinds of stock and forage. Beside the house which he occupied (a comfortable two story farm-house), was the original log-house that had been their home in their younger days, now used as a weave room, and containing the old loom, spinning wheel, etc., so common among the people in that section. This log-house we took possession of for our headquarters, as it was quite handy to the river bank, and the road to the ford passed directly by the door. A detachment of our men had secured the few small boats used by the people near by on both sides of the river, and drawn them up high on the bank where they would be secure. All this having been attended to our little company was divided into reliefs, and the men posted in the most advantageous positions for observation, and their own protection in case of an advance of the enemy in the vicinity of the ford.

The farm was a level meadow or interval extending from the bank of the river, which was partially

sheltered by trees, quite a distance to the rear, and included a ridge or bluff a little northwest of the house, extending to a heavy growth of timber. Nothing occurred to alarm or disturb us for three days, and we enjoyed ourselves well. The only discovery of importance made, was that at a farmhouse on the opposite side of the river, and a very little above us, there appeared to be a resident who had not been disturbed by any foraging parties of friend or foe, as the stacks of hay or grain near the buildings, the herd of cattle and fine flock of sheep in the adjoining fields clearly indicated.

We considered ourselves very fortunate when we could obtain half rations of poor meat with our meal or two ears of corn, but we wanted a change of diet. We had been eating poor beef for a long time, and now we wanted mutton. Chickens we had no desire for, as we had all we wanted while in Kentucky four or five months since, and nothing but some good fat mutton would satisfy us, especially when we could see plenty of it near by and could probably get it by taking it.

On the night of the 20th a few of the men were

given permission to cross over the river and do a little foraging if they found they could do so with safety. Launching one of the boats, and taking along an army blanket they started, and not long after returned bringing with them a good supply of nice mutton, and a blanket full of ears of corn. Without waste of time the mutton was dressed and divided, and before we slept we had brought our little frying pans into use, and greatly enjoyed our excellent supper. The corn we shelled that night, and early the next morning one of the boys secured an abandoned mule, and started for an old mill a mile or two in our rear, and had it ground. Quite early in the forenoon of the 21st a few mounted refugees began to appear on the other shore, and they were permitted to ford the river and come into our lines. The first that arrived told us of the falling back of our troops on that side of the river, who had been doing duty in the vicinity of Dandridge, and that they had already crossed the Holston at Strawberry Plains. These refugees continued arriving in small numbers until perhaps ten o'clock, the late comers confirming the reports of those earlier over, and

adding also, that Longstreet was close after them. The last person who appeared at the ford and wanted to come into our lines, was a woman who came to the water's edge, and begged of us for humanity's sake to send a boat and take her over the river. Fearing there might be something behind that we knew nothing about, or that some ruse was intended, no boat was launched for that purpose. But she was so intent on coming over, that she made the attempt to wade across. She entered the cold icy stream, and after advancing a short distance found the water too deep and the current too strong, and so returned. It was hard indeed to listen to her pleadings for help and be obliged to refuse, but our duties would not now permit us to run any risk and grant the aid she asked. Very shortly after this the enemy's cavalry appeared in quite strong force near the farmhouse on the opposite side. They very evidently knew that the ford was guarded, for they placed their men in position about the hay or grain stacks, in fence corners, and behind anything that would protect them. Very soon we were engaged in a lively skirmish, all of our men taking a hand in it;

at the same time we could hear the artillery briskly engaged above us, and supposed, what was afterwards shown to be the fact, that it was at the bridge near the Plains which our forces wished to destroy, and which the rebels wished to preserve. When the enemy first appeared in our front, Captain Woodward ordered one man to be stationed in the edge of the woods on the ridge already spoken of, for from that point a better view could be had and their movements clearly seen. One of our most trusty young soldiers was posted there and instructed to report the result of his observations. He was at first well pleased with the position assigned him, but wanting to see more he advanced to the more open field for that purpose. The result was that he was discovered, and drew upon himself a volley from the other side. This serving as a target for so many made the place in his mind altogether too attractive, and he asked to be relieved. Permission was given and a change in sentinels made, an old sergeant being assigned to the place, who located himself where he could see all that was transpiring, and where he could also get in a shot when necessary. Orders had been

given us when we came to McMillan's, that in case the enemy appeared in our front, we should at once notify General Wilcox, whose headquarters had just been changed from near the ford, and now located a mile or two in our rear.

There were no mounted men in our vicinity, and one of our own must be sent on foot and make a report of our situation. Corp. F. M. Richards was the man detailed for the duty. He had come off picket early in the forenoon, and proceeded to do a little washing, which was completed and nearly dried, when without any delay he donned his damp clothing and slinging on his harness started. He found the place without much trouble and made his report, when a staff officer was at once dispatched to look the situation over. He was accompanied by several others, including two or three orderlies, and the first person they came in contact with was the old sergeant at his post on the ridge, who in answer to the staff officer's questions pointed out the location of the rebel troopers. As all firing had now ceased, and no troops opposed to us were in sight, that officer seemed to doubt the report, or that there

was any force at the place indicated. Finally, the sergeant told him if he would ride to a certain point out on the ridge he would probably see or hear from them. He put spurs to his horse, and, followed by the others, galloped off, and when they had covered about half the distance across the ridge, received a smart volley from the other side, the bullets falling a little short, but causing a hasty retreat. The lieutenant was obliged to give it up on his return, and said he guessed there were some of them over there. He thought best for us that a mounted man should be left to carry any reports that might be necessary, and left one of his orderlies for that purpose, who, having tied his horse well in the rear, remained with the sergeant. The spot selected by the sergeant for defence and observation was at the edge of the timber, behind an immense oak tree large enough to shelter two men if neighborly. By the side of this tree, and close to it a sapling pine had grown up eight or nine feet high. This was cut off at a proper height and made an excellent rest for a long range shot, and, though it afforded no protection, helped to hide them from view. Our men were using their

ammunition on points where the enemy seemed to be the most numerous, or, where they exposed themselves, they returning our fire but without loss to us. Thus the little battle continued at intervals until nearly three o'clock, when an officer clad in a dark blue United States Army overcoat, that perhaps had been worn by one of our own men, was observed by these two comrades to leave the rebel lines, and with long and rapid strides find a good shelter in a little ravine considerably nearer our own men.

He seemed intent on discovering the location and number of his opponents. The little hollow he occupied covered him from view about to his waist. The chance was too good to be lost, and a few shots were sent him. At each discharge he would drop out of sight, arising as soon as the bullets had passed. It seemed as though they must have gone very near him, and a job was put up for his benefit. Both were to carefully load their pieces and take good aim, the sergeant with half an extra charge of powder behind the Minié ball, the sight elevated for five hundred yards, and his trusty rifle at a rest over the little pine, the cavalryman with his carbine at arms

length was to try to compel him to retire or get hurt. When all was ready and he was intently watching to gain the desired information, the sergeant gave the order, aim—fire ! The carbine sent its message, the officer dropped as usual, and when time for him to rise the sergeant blazed away. He was seen to rise and nearly gain an erect position after the cavalryman had discharged his carbine, but he evidently caught the bullet from the other rifle, as he went down at once, and did not rise again. Two of his comrades immediately left their lines and ran to his relief; after a short stop they ran back leaving the officer where he fell. There was at once a sharp fire opened on the big oak, and the sergeant and his comrade were obliged to stick close to their cover until the storm was over. It seemed to be a cruel thing, this hunting a man in this way, but it was really only retaliating, and the old sergeant felt justified in what he had done, as he had been a target for their sharpshooters all through the siege of Knoxville, and at times when he was not allowed to return a shot. Soon after this occurred the Confederates changed the position of some

of their force by extending their left along a ridge of land that ran nearly parallel with the river, and it looked as though they meant to clean up that little reserve force by getting on to their right flank.

All their movements could be seen, but they failed to discover the tree that sheltered the two Yanks, whose position had become so warm that for a time they withheld their fire, and remained in their retreat. A little later on they joined the balance of the little force in firing at will at any of the opposing pickets who exposed themselves.

We held our position getting in what work we could until after four o'clock, when Company F, that had fought for and held McMillan's Ford against a much larger force than their own, were relieved by the Second Michigan (with another regiment to support them), and ordered to join our own regiment, which we were ready to do, and finally found them in line near Strawberry Plains, with arms stacked ready to take any place when called upon.

It was now about sunset. Soon after dark we were ordered to fall in, and were marched up nearer to where the bridge, which had spanned the river

at Strawberry Plains, was located. It had been partially destroyed by our forces during the day in order to prevent Longstreet from following us at once in force. The pickets were exchanging occasional shots, and seemed determined to annoy each other as much as possible.

The troops that had been in our front, or out in the vicinity of Dandridge, consisting of the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps, had evidently fallen back in some disorder, and the enemy had pressed them so hard, the battery horses being in an enfeebled condition after their hard marches and deprivation of proper forage, they had been obliged to abandon two pieces of artillery which were now near the river bank and covered by the enemy's fire. Our commander not wishing to leave them, called upon the Second Brigade to save them if possible. These men did not hesitate; drag ropes were secured, the men slung their muskets, our own regiment took one piece, and two smaller regiments the other, and so we soon had them out of danger of immediate seizure or capture. I think it was nearly midnight and this fragment of the old Ninth

Corps, who were to have the honor of taking the left of the line and covering a retreat ahead of an army much superior to our own in point of numbers, also had the presumption to try and save by dragging for miles the two guns. Soon we started on the march, but made little progress, as the wagon trains and artillery that preceded us had left the roads in a fearful condition. The deep ruts which they had made in the soft mud nearly axle deep was now freezing solid, but we toiled on, pulling on the ropes, lifting on the wheels, up hill and down, with only an occasional halt for rest, until nearly daylight, when we came to a ravine with quite steep banks, the bottom being the bed of a brook of considerable size. Horses had been secured and left here, I think, to relieve us of the burden of the two pieces of artillery, and we also found that the troops in advance had been compelled to abandon a portion of their train, containing among other goods a small lot of overcoats and shoes, which were to be destroyed. The same general who asked his men to save the abandoned guns, now ordered these cases opened and the contents divided among those who

were most in need of them. I was not quite coatless, but my old overcoat was capeless, and when a new one was given me by a friend on special duty, I was quite ready to take it, though when I put it on 'twas very evident that it was not made expressly for me, but for some other fellow about twice my size. We halted here a very short time when we were ordered forward, for our rear guard had come up, and more than this we wanted to get within supporting distance of our advance who had three or four hours the start of us, but they had a small train of wagons and artillery along with them, while we were without anything of the kind to impede our progress. We continued our march as fast as our weary limbs could carry us until sometime after sunrise, when we filed into a field and halted for breakfast. We were not allowed time to complete the cooking of our slim allowance, however, but were again ordered forward as the enemy's cavalry were close upon us. Gathering up and donning our little possessions we formed our lines and threw out skirmishers and flankers. The First Brigade marching to our rear and taking a position on another ridge,

formed another line and constituted our support. From this time until quite late in the afternoon we were falling back, skirmishing with the advancing enemy, alternating positions with the First Brigade, passing defiles, removing any small obstructions, or leveling any fences that we came in contact with. At one time after taking a new position in the rear of the First Brigade, and while we were waiting for them to retire in turn, Sergeant McAllister, who was standing near and evidently partaking of a lunch, called upon me to join him and take something, which I proceeded at once to do. Coming to where he was standing one hand grasping his canteen, and the other in his haversack, he remarked that I was perfectly welcome to a part of his lunch, and drew forth a handful of dry meal, remarking as he passed it to me that it was very healthy, and where he lived meal and water was the best diet for fattening beef, pork or poultry that could be obtained. I appreciated his kindness as well as his joke, but being provided with some of the same did not partake at that time.

Our company generally looked like the hardest

lot of tramps to be found in the corps. Our last thirty-six hours' duty had been almost incessant, and few, if any of us, had attended to the proper arrangements of our toilets. Smoke begrimed lines on our faces showing how the perspiration had started while wrestling with the two abandoned guns during the night, and our nether garments so finely fringed or frayed around the edges; the once beautiful blue now changed to a dirty yellow by mud and frequent close contact with our open fires, would have made us excellent subjects for an artist of a comic paper, as he would not be obliged to study long to obtain a perfect caricature. And I know that my own personal appearance, with my new overcoat many sizes too large, was truly comical and ridiculous in the extreme.

Our corps being very small in numbers, say twenty-five hundred men bearing arms, the troops were very easily handled and were well manœuvred, the different brigades retiring and forming new lines without confusion.

At five o'clock we were within three miles of Knoxville, when a good line of defence was chosen

and we came to a halt. My own regiment, the largest in the division, and perhaps in the corps, numbering about two hundred and twenty-five men, lost but two men on the retreat. What the loss of the corps was I am not able to state. The enemy made no further demonstration but soon retired and we lighted our camp-fire and enjoyed a season of rest, which all needed, especially my own company that had been on continual duty since the morning of the 18th.

We remained on this line until the 25th, when we marched through Knoxville to Lyon's Mill, about five miles to the southwest, and went into camp for a week with only light picket duty to perform.

On the 1st day of February, late in the afternoon, we marched to Knoxville again, crossed the river and after advancing a mile or two went into bivouac in the woods, rain and snow falling fast. After a most uncomfortable night we returned to our old camp at Lyon's Mill, and a large amount of fault finding was indulged in, our boys being heartily tired of this kind of Rebellion crushing. That very day after a brief rest Company F was detailed for picket at

Johnson's Ford, about four miles further down the river. After posting pickets we arranged our little camp a few rods from the river's bank in the woods, but with all our labor the place was cold, dreary and comfortless. Mr. Johnson, the proprietor of the lands about the ford, called upon us frequently during our stay, and appeared to be a truly loyal man of the same class that we had frequently fallen in with. He had been relieved of everything that rebels could use, and seemed to be as needy as any of his neighbors. We were on duty at this place a week, and, on the afternoon of the 8th, were relieved by Company D, of our regiment. During this time we had not seen any of the enemy. On the 4th Lieut. R. F. Sanborn and myself had been compelled to give up and remain in our poor quarters, suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and when Company D arrived to take our place we were not able to return to our regiment. Mr. Johnson kindly offered the hospitalities of his humble home, which we were glad to accept, and were assisted there by some of our comrades. The house, built of logs or timber, comprised two rooms, separated by a

large stone chimney. One room was the spacious kitchen, one corner of which was taken up by the usual hand-loom and spinning-wheel, the other room being used as a sitting and sleeping room. On our arrival at the house Mrs. Johnson and daughter, assisted by a lady visitor, began to make us as comfortable as possible by preparing hot gruel, and steeping a tea from a mountain herb which they were in the habit of using for similar attacks. The effect of these warm potations, which were liberally furnished, was soon felt, and we began to recover from the effects of this day's raging fever. After the family had partaken of their supper the ladies retired to the other part of the house, leaving us to enjoy the comfortable fire, which we did until quite late, listening to stories and incidents by our host which I highly enjoyed. When the time for retiring came, Mr. Johnson announced that our bed was ready for us at any time. Feeling the need of sleep we did not wait for a second bidding, but followed to the room opposite, which contained three beds, two of them already occupied. A good fire was burning in the ample fireplace, and in front of it was a low bed

that had been rolled out and assigned to our use. This manner of living, or at least sleeping, was something quite novel to us, but as we had been so kindly received, and they had so freely divided their accommodations, we had no desire to refuse the little couch. I have known many times before and since when a good night's rest was a great reviver, but it seemed to me that never in my life did a night's rest do me so much good as this, for when I awoke in the morning I was very much improved. As that was not the day for a regular shake we prepared to start for our regiment. A good breakfast was given us, which finished, we thanked our kind entertainers, and, wishing them many blessings, started for camp, where we arrived a few hours later nearly broken up.

I did not leave my quarters to do any duty until the 15th, when we packed up and started again for Knoxville in a severe rain storm. After going about three miles we camped, remaining until the 20th, when we passed through Knoxville going into camp on the Clinton road a short distance from the city. There we stopped until the 24th, when we marched

again to Strawberry Plains, accompanied by our new department commander, General Scholfield, and many general and staff officers, who managed to tire us out, the roads being in a very heavy condition, while we were not so well able to endure the fatigue as their well fed and well groomed horses.

Halting until the 27th, we crossed the river in flat or pontoon boats, reaching on the 28th Mossy Creek. Late in the afternoon while the front of our column was filing into a field where we were to camp for the night, our portion of the line had halted for a short time in the road in front of a farm-house, and near us watching the passing troops was the proprietor, with whom we entered into conversation. He was a Unionist, very dignified and social in manner and speech. We soon espied a small flock of geese in the enclosure, that had either by some good management or streak of fortune escaped the various foraging parties that had passed that way. An offer to purchase a portion of the flock was at first refused on the ground that there was only enough left to raise another flock from for the use of the owner's family, and he did not consent to part with any until he was

convinced that with so many hungry soldiers in camp near by, he would be liable to lose them all eventually and have nothing to show for them.

Captain Woodward, by paying a very liberal price, bought two for our little mess, and engaged one of the men to dress and prepare them for our next day's rations. We anticipated a feast such as we had not enjoyed for months, though our facilities for stuffing and roasting the web-footed birds were of the poorest kind. To get over this part of our trouble it was decided to cut them up and partially cook by boiling, after which we could broil or fry as circumstances would allow. When I retired for the night everything was lovely, and the geese were hanging high in a camp kettle, faithfully guarded to prevent any coffee coolers who should come in later from snatching them for their own use. Early the next morning all were astir preparing to take the road again. Our new ration was divided, each of us having a very generous quantity, a portion of which was carefully placed in our haversacks ready for future use, saving out only enough for breakfast. I was feeling rather *toney* and *high priced* myself, and de-

cided that a nice piece of parboiled goose broiled, would give my stomach a perfect surprise. Running my ramrod through a nice piece of the breast and holding it over the bed of coals, I carefully watched and turned it until it was a beautiful brown, and I was sure it was done just right, and good enough for a musketeer any way. The rest of our breakfast consisted of a little poor bread, and a cup of weak coffee, and we were soon ready to taste the tempting morsels. My teeth were in good condition and I could tear off the end of a cartridge without any trouble and as quick as any one else, but they were not equal to this, which was really a test case, for I failed in making any impression on what I thought was to be a great luxury. I said nothing but watched the others, and noticed that they were meeting with no better success, and we had found our match at last. The captain was sure they were brought here by the earliest settlers of the country, and the rest of us concluded that some of their ancestors not very far removed had some centuries ago by their cackling saved the Eternal City. The piece I had hinged my expectations on for that morning

I carefully placed in my haversack, to try other experiments on later.

Colonel Harriman, who had been recommissioned colonel of the Eleventh, joined us here, having marched from Kentucky in command of a large detachment of recruits, about four hundred of which were assigned to our regiment, but of this number only a little more than thirty per cent. joined us. The balance, which had cost the towns and State many thousands of dollars, had deserted *en route*, and many even of those who joined the regiment in Tennessee, left us soon after or before the corps arrived at Annapolis. These were a disgrace to the State, an insult to the tried veterans who survived, and to the fallen dead whose vacant places they were to fill. Among those who did remain were many who later made excellent soldiers, and proved their worthiness on many fields of battle, and before our term of service expired were numbered among the killed and wounded.

On the 29th we came to Morristown, about forty-two miles from Knoxville, the rain falling fast this day March 1st being equally stormy we halted in

the woods a little east of Morristown, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. At night we received orders to be ready to march again the next morning at four o'clock. We were ready at the time designated, the storm having passed by, and the air now being crisp and cold. We returned through Morristown at an early hour, and arrived again at Mossy Creek at three o'clock in the afternoon. We remained here about four days, everything appearing to be quiet in our vicinity until the 5th, when the enemy and some of our cavalry had a smart skirmish near our picket lines, but we were not called upon to participate.

On the 7th we made a reconnaissance in force going eighteen miles towards the Nolechucky River, and not finding any enemy, after changing camps once or twice, marched fourteen miles on the 12th to Shoddyville, where we remained two days, and reaching Morristown again on the morning of the 14th, our pickets meantime having had a brush with a small body of rebel cavalry who were forced to retire, the loss to our regiment being one man. We had been over a portion of this section so many

times that we were well posted concerning roads and streams, but had not learned the names of quite all the people, a very large majority of whom we had found to be truly loyal and very liberal even in their reduced circumstances.

On the 16th we were ordered to be ready to march the next morning at six o'clock for Knoxville, and we hailed the order with great pleasure, for there was what we thought a well founded rumor that we were at once to be removed from the Department of the Ohio.

We arrived at Knoxville on the 21st, and made immediate preparations for leaving for Annapolis, Md., at which place we were ordered to report. A paymaster had also arrived, and those who had been without any money for a long time were anticipating much in having some to use in the event of our being transferred to some other department. But in this matter of our getting our pay, we were doomed to disappointment, for it is said that our new corps commander, who was to command during the transfer, objected to the rank and file being paid off, fearing that these brave men, who for months had faced

the bullets of a brave and determined enemy, suffered from hunger and cold until nearly famished, who had exhibited a heroic spirit in the face of all these dangers and hardships, would be guilty of some excess while on the march if they were allowed the money long since due them.

What little extra baggage we had, with our sick and disabled, were sent east via Chattanooga and Nashville by railroad, while the balance of the troops, only a small remnant of the old Ninth Army Corps, on the 22d started on another long and weary march, financially bankrupt, but covered with rags and glory. Very little transportation was allowed us, a few wagons and a few pack mules, the men taking five days' rations in their haversacks. The wagons went with us two days, or until our arrival at Jacksborough on the 23d, when the teams were sent back, and men and mules were loaded with five days' rations and a small amount of camp equipage. Thus we started on this march over the mountains, and, as we toiled under our weary burdens, we were quite willing to say good bye to the valley of the Holston, which had been to our troops the Valley

Forge of the war for the Union. We followed some of the worse roads imaginable, which were at times little more than a trail through the mountain wilds, through storms of rain, hail, and snow, passing Chetwoods on the 25th, to Sloan's Valley, near Point Isabel, the following day. We were at Point Isabel on the morning of the 27th, where a halt was made. There our corps commander realized the effects of causing the pay of the troops to be withheld. A number of sutlers had come to that place expecting to reap a harvest from our men who were supposed to have their pockets lined with money. Their goods were temptingly displayed for sale, but there was no cash, hence such a raid as I have never elsewhere witnessed. From point to point the men ran by scores and hundreds, paying no heed whatever to orders or appeals from their officers, until at last, having done no small amount of damage, they were finally called into line, and moved on again, and after eleven days arrived near "Camp Nelson," having covered nearly or quite one hundred and seventy miles under the most unfavorable circumstances.

There was very little straggling by the men, and